The Flame In My Soul

Joyce Ann Surman

As a bee sips nectar
from the flowers of a field,
so, too, will I,
in the vanishing smoke of my days,
be a bee sipping sweet nectar
from the flowers of my soul.

The Jesus Prayer

"Lord, Jesus Christ,
Son of God,
Have mercy on me,
A sinner."

The Truth of Eternity

In
The
Eternal
Essence
Of
Christ,
My
Soul
Abides
In
Eternity and Truth.

Divine Eternity

Suffering
Leads
The soul
To the
Divine
Eternity
Of
Truth.

The Pathways of Divine Eternity

When
My
Soul
Travels
The
Pathways
Of
Divine
Eternity,
The
Light of Christ
Is
My
Guiding
Star.

"I Am that I Am"

My
Soul
Strives
To
Live
All
Things
In
Christ:
He is My Life;
His Life is Mine.

Embracement

My
Soul
Embraces
All
Creation
In
The
Flame
Of
Christ's
Love.

The Greatest Affliction

There
Is
No
Greater
Affliction—
No
More
Bitter
Pain—
Than
Not
To
Know God.

The Prison of this World

In
Prayer
My
Soul
Is freed
From the
Cramped
Prison
Of this
World—
To
Soar
aloft
Into
The
Infinity of God.

The Light of Humility

Humility
Is
The
Light
In
Which
The soul
Beholds
The
Splendor of Christ.

Vision of Divine Love

In prayer
My
Soul
Touches
The
Fire
Of
Divine Love
And
Sees
A
Vision
Of the
Unfading
Light of Christ.

Suffering Conquered

All
Earthly
Suffering
Is
Overcome
By
Immersing
The
Soul
In
Even more
Profound
Suffering:
As did
Christ
Conquer
Death
By
Death.

The Shoreless Ocean

When
The
Soul
Plunges
Into
The
Shoreless
Ocean of suffering,
The
Ascent
To
Heaven
Begins.

Inscrutability

Christ
Is
The
Ultimate
Inscrutability
Of
God.

Cosmic Reality

God
Is
Mystery
That
Transcends
The whole
Of
Cosmic reality.

Crucifixion of Divine Love

My soul
Is
Suspended
Like
A bridge
Between
Heaven
And
Earth
In a
Crucifixion
Of
Divine Love.

Irradiation of Light

Prayer
Is the
Irradiation
Of
Christ light.
It is
In the
silence
Of prayer
my soul
embraces
and is
embraced by
Divine Eternity.

Consuming Fire

When
The
Soul
Plunges
Into
The
Deep,
Dark
Valley
Of
Despair,
That
Is
When
His
Consuming Fire
Is
near.

Wings to Infinity

When
The
soul
knows
God--
that God is everywhere
and fills all things--
It
takes
wings to infinity
and
flies amidst the stars.

Luminous Suffering

In
the
mystery
of
eternity,
The
soul
united to Christ
Makes
all
earthly
suffering
luminous.

The Soul's Core

Silence
Is
The
Mystery
At
the
core
of
the
soul.

The Silence of Prayer

The
most
perfect
form
of
prayer
Is
silence,
amid
the
mystery
of
silence
The
soul
is
assimilated
to
God.

Fragiling

When
The
Soul
"fragiles"
At
The
Edge
Of
The
Abyss,
Let
The
Anchorhold
Of
Grace
Suspend:

Jesu, Merci
Jesu, Merci
Jesu, Merci
Fiat Voluntas Tua

I
Offer
my suffering
as a
prayer.

In the
Mystery
of suffering
souls,
There is
hidden
The
Truth:
The food
That is
His will.

"The Dust of His Love"

All is swept
With the
Dust of His love.

His cross
teaches my soul
to no longer search
For the dust rag
To wipe
away the sorrows
But to cherish
the dust
as gold.

In the asphyxiation
Of our soul's
deepest yearnings
Is the dust
That is
His love.

Easter morning
In my soul
Is flush now
with sheer lyric expectancy:
The adamantine quality
of hope.

His cross,
the still point
of the turning world,
points
to the sheer
frightful insolubility
of death.

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The World
Is a
Sacramental
Emanation
Of the
Divine Presence
Of Christ.

The soul
Is a
mirror
In which
Christ
Is
Reflected.

The beauty
Of His
Splendor
Shines
Through The
Shadows
Of the
Years
Filling
My soul
With
Joy.

In every
tragedy
In every
suffering
There is
A
Hidden jewel.

The Sparkling Stone

The light
of Christ
Sparkles
From under
Every stone
On earth
And from
Every stone
Broken in
The human heart.

To Be a Lamp of Christ's Love

O, my Jesus Crucified,
I embrace you
And,
fleeing
the deceit of life
And its
supposed happiness,
Run to
you alone,
The Divine Flame
in my soul.
Transform
my soul
Into a lamp
of your
love.

In my
despair,
I am
blinded
By a
dazzling darkness
That is
Christ.
Despair
becomes
Hope:
The food
of my
soul.

In the
silence
Of
eternity
Wild violets
Bloom.
In the
pastures
Of purple pain
All is
filled
With Light—
A whirlwind
of Light
End without end
Which is
itself
A beginning
Without
beginning—
God.

"The Cuticle of My Soul"

There is
A
cuticle
On the
raiment
of my
soul
That
Sorrows
snip
To its
center
--the true quiet
Of
Eternity.

I am
attentive
to the
inner stirrings
of
my soul
and,
beyond
the banality
of
disappointment and hopelessness,
have realized
that
the pain
wrought
by the
theatre of the world
no longer
prevails.

I meet
Divine Truth
in the
silence and stillness
of my soul
and,
remaining within,
am reconciled
with Christ,
the Word
that came out of
silence.

All around me
are piles
of splinters.
My days
have become
a many "splintered" thing.

There at my feet
is the splinter
of dizziness.
I bend my soul
to grasp it
and it squirms
like a centipede
beyond my grasp.

In the crevice
where it seeks
a hidden imprisonment,
a splinter of my rigid legs pierces
a splinter of my collapsed spine,
rubbing against each other
like cricket's wings
sounding alarm.

There is a music,
a certain melody
that He plays
with each new splinter
that pierces
deep into
my soul.

It is the lullaby
of death.

"The Mystery of His Dust"

The dust of His love
Sweeps over everything—
Even the mountains of sorrows
In the clefts of my soul.

I grasp the dust rag
To wipe away the debris
And a whisper is heard
By the ears of my soul:

In the dust of His love
That covers all things
Is the mystery
of suffering
Is the mystery
of His will.

O my soul!
The mystery
Of
His dust
Is
gold.

The
only reality
is
To live
In the
Silence
of the
soul
In its
endless treasures
and
mysterious beauty.

There
Is
A
Hole
In eternity
Through which
The soul
Ascends
Into
Crucifixion.

Prayer
Silently
Wraps
My soul
Each day
In the
Fabric
Of
His
Eternity.

Thoreau observed
that most men
live lives
of quiet desperation.
Today
most men
live
the desperation
of distraction
under the
dictatorship of noise.
Man has progressed
From
the quietude
of desperation
to the cacophonous
desperation of distraction.

If the soul
Is filled with noise
It already has a
Foretaste
Of hell.

The
Splendor
Of the
Human soul
Is
A
Blinding
Truth.

The
Icon
Emblazoned
On
My soul
Is
Jesus crucified.

The Alchemy of a Tear

Each tear
Fountains forth
The paschal mystery
of Christ.

Watering
The
Parched
Desert of a soul.
With the
Light of eternity.

In this
"vale of tears"
There is no
Greater Gift
Than to
Transform
Each tear
Into
Prayer.

May 30, 2016

This morning my soul is filled with joy. Though the extreme suffering has intensified, His radiant light is shining with a brilliance that transforms the darkness into flames of love.

On the tablet
of my soul,
He has written
a script
that invites me
to be,
now and in eternity,
His "Pilgrim of Tears".

Wherever on this earth there is suffering and tears of sorrow, my soul will collect them in a chalice. When the "I thirst" resounds throughout the universe from His throne of suffering, my soul will lift the tear-filled chalice to quench His thirst. In drinking of the tear-filled chalice, His truth will transform the tears into flames of light and love.

My soul,
by assuming this role
of "Pilgrim of Tears",
will help transform
this "vale of tears"
into
a conflagration
of light and love.

Only
in the toil
of suffering
does the soul
journey
to truth.

If the soul
Be inundated
With fear,
The Light of Christ
Is the spark
That flames forth
Into the Bright Darkness
Of Hope.

In the caverns
of the soul
The
tides of pain
Etch
His Cross
At the
intersection
Of
Now
and
Eternity.

When a body
is dragged
by the soul
to the
zenith of pain,
the eyes of the soul
open wide
onto
the frontier of eternity.
Then
the curtain of mystery
covers each moment
with
a transparency
of hope.

My soul
is
an open wound
Of
the world's pain
To drink prayer
Is a refuge
And
a remedy.

A soul
Suspended
By the
Thread of time
Hovers
Over the
Abyss
Of
Eternity.

Suffering
Leads
To the
Purification
Of every
Desire
in life.
The only desire
that remains
Is
to see
the face of God.

Suffering creates
an altered prism of perspective.
There is a transparency and fluidity of things
where before the feet of the soul
trod on solid paths of stone.
It becomes necessary
to affirm with each breath
the movement of the soul
towards the eternal
and the simultaneous loosening
of one's hold on the temporal.
This is the trajectory
of the soul's hope.
It is the movement of the soul
that lives in Him,
that moves in Him
and that has its being
in Him
alone.

O living flame of love,
Jesus Crucified,
Lead Thou me on…

The cross of Christ
is imprinted
on the face
of all the earth.

Oct 14 2016

My soul is in tatters today---
all strength seeps out
of the storage bin of hope.
And yet,
despite the waves of dizziness
crashing against the jetties of my brain,
something impels me forward.
It is not "something" but someone—
Christ!

O Living flame of love!
Jesus Crucified—
Lead thou me on!

Oct 15 2016

In my soul,
the flame of prayer
ignites a conflagration
that burns away the fears
that dance their macabre jig
with increasing intensity and frenzied glee.

My physical body has become an illusion
when viewed through
the prism of my soul's eyes.
The inner transcends the outer.
It is toward that "inner"
that my eyes now turn.
The Divine Within has become
the totality of my reality.

Oct 23 2016

Loneliness and fear
Have sharp teeth
That gnaw my soul
And the wound is deep.

My soul shrieks,
My soul howls,
I pray a tear.

To Omran
(Wounded in Aleppo)

My little
Child of God,
Keep your sorrowful eyes
Fixed on
The transcendent beauty
of eternity
Shining forth
from your soul.
Let the radiant
Brightness
Shine in the darkness
That leads to Me.

Sept 18 2016 Sunday

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My God, the well of weakness and dizziness seems bottomless today. Give me the strength to find your light amidst this darkness and pain. Lead my soul from out the chasm of this suffering to the eternal joy of seeing you face to face.

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My soul has been wounded with a longing for stillness and the silence of His peace alone.

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Jesus, are you there in the depth of my soul? I desire the reality of that truth to be as a testimony to unshakeable faith...and yet doubt hatchets my soul into agonizing shards. My soul is cut into pieces and fed to the lions of deceit.

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In my desolation of soul, I know Jesus is most at work. If the field were already tilled and the seed planted, He would have no need to tarry a little while and sit with me on the bench. He rests in my soul and invites me to rest with Him and not to be without joy in His presence.

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In the fragile bark of my soul, I "hope against hope" because He rests with me and calls me to His peace.

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This precious pearl of divine love is formed in the spotless shell of the soul during this dreadful interior tempest and is made fecund in the moments of darkest desolation.

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When the night envelopes my soul and the sorrowful darkness clouds over every thought and impulse, I am lost in the abyss of my nothingness. But by some alchemical transference, a stroke of divine magic, He sleeps in my boat and will soon awaken as the tempest increases its furious onslaught and say to me, "Do not fear! I am with you!"

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In the incredulity of disbelief, I know that the sufferings of this life will be a refining and a purifying of my soul.

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Suffering leads my soul to the summit of radiant Tabor and "flames of fire" are His divine infusions. With bitter tears, I offer to Him a secret martyrdom.

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Suffering and desolation of soul despoil me of the gross dross of egoism.

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Desolation has its own peculiar beauty just as the deep ravines contrast to the sheer, gigantic cliffs of joy. Only the soaring eagle of hope has access to both.

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There is a beauty in the night of the soul. It is the subtle, penetrating light shining in the darkness. It is the light of faith, the light of truth. The angels of its annunciation are silence, darkness, and sadness.

Solitude
Silence
Stillness:

These are the needles
that mend
the tatters
of my soul—

The thread
that makes
my soul
whole.

Dearest Elizabeth:

Thank you for
The melody of light and love
And the tears of the One
Who waters the meadows
Of our souls.

In suffering
The ears of a soul
Hear the music of silence
As sliding down the bare bones of reality
We are drawn
into the naked beauty
of Christ
Alone.

Let us
Together
Perch atop the roof of humility,
Flutter our wings for a passing moment,
And, ascending in prayer,
Arrive at the cross of Hope.

Thank you for the graces of your friendship